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"What Fools These Mortals be!"

Puck

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FAR FROM IT.

GLADYS.—Is Ferdy suffering from paresis?

ETHEL.—*Suffering!* Dear me, no! Why, he thinks he 's a golf champion!



SAW THROUGH JAKEY'S GAME.

COHENSTEIN.—How vas our leetle Chakey dis efening?
MRS. COHENSTEIN.—Not any petter; undt I haf to gif him
ten zents for efery dose of medicine he takes.
COHENSTEIN.—Mein Gott! Voman, do you vant to make
him a chronic invalid?

MAY.

PARTAKERS in a subtle game are we;
Fate our opponent, full of roguery,
Unseen of presence, but of tricks that
prove
Their prowess in the grim command:
"Your move!"

And sometimes we unwittingly exchange
A draughty parlor for a leaky range;
Or kalsomining soiled by age and smudge
For doors and windows which we can not budge.

A loud piano banging overhead
We swap to get a squalling babe, instead;
An elevator, stinted of repairs,
We barter for three stuffy flights of stairs.

A janitor inclined to be a sot
Is traded for one never on the spot;
And landlords who refuse to do our will
For others just as mean, but slier still.

A south exposure, deemed too hot, we give
For north—where only Eskimos could live;
In short, we move with best intent;—and then
We vain would have our former flat again!

Yet, ah! No matter what results befall,
The law decrees we can't our move recall;
We may but bribe domestics, comfort wives,
And wait until another move arrives.

Edwin L. Sabin.

VARIOUS VANITIES.

A FELLOW who lived in Des Moines
Tried the local "four hundred" to
joines:
He used might and main,
But entirely in vain,
Because he was lacking in coines.

A Geology Prof., smashing gneiss,
Found a jewel of fabulous preiss;
He threw down his tool,
And threw up his school,
And in swelldom he 's now cutting eiss.

A floorwalker, pacing his aisle,
In a day covered many a mialis.
"How rarely," quoth he,
"Is it granted to see
A man of my figure and staisle!"

Gertrude Allen.

HIS VIEWS.

FRIEND.—Then you do not object to anti-trust legislation?
THE MAGNATE.—Oh, no! It pleases the anti-trust people and
does n't hurt anybody else.

ELOQUENT.

"Higgs is a good talker, is n't he?"
Good talker? Why, when he came back from Europe he
persuaded a customs inspector to pass a suit of ancient armor as
wearing apparel!"

THE DOVE OF PEACE WILL HAVE TO ACQUIRE CONSIDERABLE MOBILITY BEFORE SHE SUCCEEDS IN ALIGHTING ON GENERAL DE WET.



HIS TROUBLE.

"Looks rather glum, does n't he?"
"Well, it 's an awful thing when you have the fatal gift of beauty and nobody else
knows it!"



A MAST-LESS ONE.

THE MONKEY.—Well, if that giraffe is n't the tallest liar I ever met!

THE LION.—What 's his latest?

THE MONKEY.—He 's just after telling me that he and his brother have been offered a swell* salary to act as a receiving-station for a wireless telegraph company.

BINKER'S SWAN-SONG.

BINKER FEL' that, with the possible exception of Cicero, he was the greatest orator since Demosthenes. On further consideration he decided that Cicero was n't really in it. Binker could argue on nothing, say nothing and prove nothing with more rapturesome self-interest in the procedure than any man on earth. No one could explain how he managed always to appear on the platform at every public meeting that ever happened. But he did.

The Civic League had met to tear its hair and gnash its teeth. The chairman asked Binker to "say a few words." Binker rose and lied for half an hour about his extreme, profound surprise, astonishment and amazement at being called upon to address the honorable, the august, the intellectual, the distinguished audience before him. Next he portrayed in terms of thrilling eloquence the terrible shock it was to him to feel that he was so totally unprepared upon the vast subject under discussion. By this time he was fairly launched upon a seething sea of words. Gestures surrounded him. His whiskers waved violently. He roared and ranted and rioted. He hissed condemnation upon Something-or-other, and lauded civic virtue and Thomas Binker to the eternal skies. He mentioned the voiceless music of the garden of the soul; he tooted a lay concerning the purple glory of the dying sun, and did a spasm over the fragile flowers of the dew-drenched fields; he performed a warm drama anent the radiant, ravishing whichness of the whatwithal; he spoke of the gem-studded bosom of night, of the glistening sheen of the beautiful snowcapped mountains of truth, and the damning darkness of the awful realms of corruption and death.

At last morning dawned.

Binker was speaking still; for he had lost his voice; he merely smashed the atmosphere and propelled his jaws.

There was no sound other than the subdued weeping of the audience. The doors were locked; they could n't get out.

Suddenly a man arose and cried, "Nine cheers for Binker!"

This was a clever idea; for when the audience had finished cheering the roof was split; many climbed desperately to escape from the hall. But Binker faltered not.

He bowed his acknowledgment so frantically that his hinges hurt. He made a grand, maniacal effort to thank them for their applause; he then first discovered that his voice was gone.

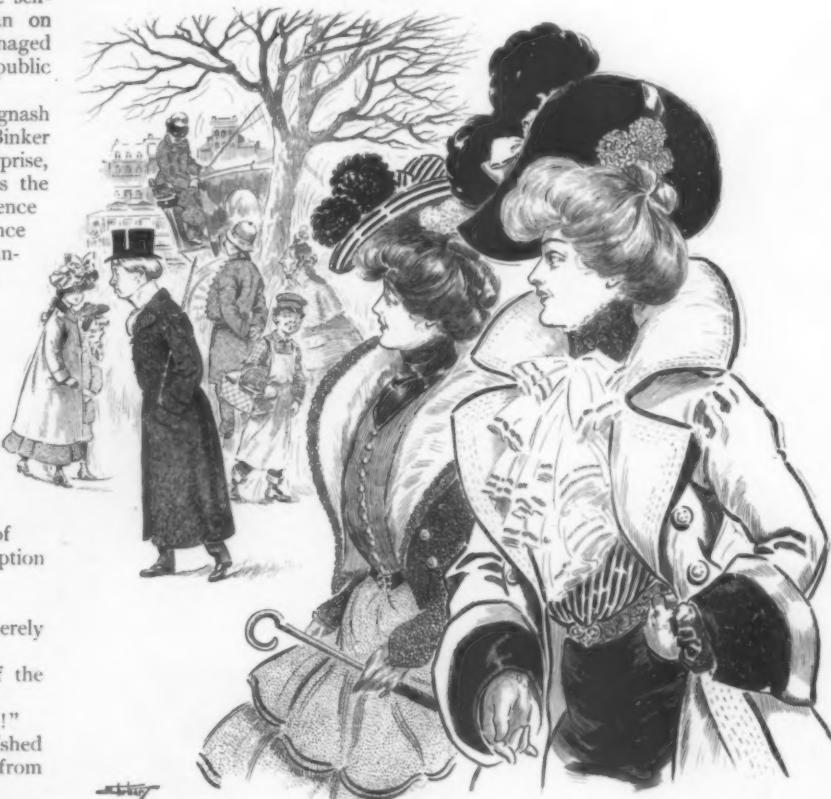
His agony was unspeakable, but his spirit was brave.

Still his tongue ran on; his chin shot to and fro.
The friction was fatal.

Before any one realized it Binker had hot-box of the jaw.
Flames leaped from his parched throat.

He was killed by his own hot air.

Fred. Ladd.



A HOPELESS CASE.

"Does he ever realize anything on his stock deals?"

"Not even that he is a lobster!"



BETTER THAN A SERMON.

MAMMY.—Bless mah heart! If de chile ain't cuttin' his eyetooth!

LITTLE 'RASTUS (*in alarm*).—What 's an eyetooth, Mammy?

MAMMY.—Why, de eyetooth, chile, watches ebry word dat yo' tongue uttehs, an' ebry time yo' says a bad word it 'll pain dat good eyetooth so much dat it 'll ache fo' two houahs!

GREAT CONCERNMENT.



LL PEOPLE are of remarkable importance. This is because they are bound to be. If they are not important in one way they will be in another; and if they are not important in any way at all they will boldly claim that is the very way to be the most important. They go in for poise, which is the last recourse of the unsuccessful recourser.

Happily there are persons of actual significance in the cosmos. For instance, I knew a man who was able to state that he "never used cream or sugar in his coffee." Another man that I knew not so long ago, and it was not so long ago, either, "always used a stub pen to write with." What a soul was there! There was another man of phenomenal gifts,—I did not know him, but I was fortunate enough to hear him conversing in a loud voice in the elevator one day,—who never "smoked less than ten or fifteen cigars a day." A distinguished inhabitant of our otherwise uninteresting planet "always wears the thinnest Summer socks the year around." Did he tell of this himself? What then? There is a royal vanity that belongs with greatness. There are men who "always dress for dinner;" there are geniuses who "take a cold plunge every morning;" there are monuments of erudition who "read ten pages of the Iliad in the original Greek every night before going to bed" and giving the world a few hours rest. Homer's claim to renown is slight, indeed! Homer! Probably he wrote in a translation.

In narrating the Lives of Great Men our historians have so far refrained from giving these extreme instances of greatness. They claim that it would discourage the young, and that their histories would be scorned as fiction. But, truly, it seems to me that if our children, instead of wasting their hours cultivating trifling ambitions to become I. Newtons, H. Spencers and R. Burnses, should be allowed to contemplate steadily these limiting examples of greatness, their own attainments might be proportionately higher. Although it is never mentioned in the books, there are men who never wear an overcoat in Winter. If this were made known, some

gentle youth, fired by ambition, might not only fail to wear an overcoat in Winter, but might complete the feat by wearing one in Summer. And what would Mr. Darwin think of Evolution, then? Would he not be glad he started it?

It is a great pleasure to associate with these rare spirits who just



AS TO THE BOSS.

"T is in good humor he is the day."

"Oh, yes! The market 's all right to-day, Pat."

"Vis! To think av him sittin' there makin' money as fast as you an' me cud shpind it!"

PUCK

out like the North Cape beyond humanity. For me I associate with hardly any one else. One of my friends has not slept under blankets in fifteen years. If he can stand it another year, that will be sixteen. Another has informed me that he is a man of such kind that he purposes to take a walk of five miles every day, rain or shine. I myself know one of the men who never wears an overcoat the coldest day that blows. I regret more than I can tell that such men should be pnumerously by pneumonia. But so it is.

Women, too, arrive at the summit of great concernment. Some of them are of such heroic mould that they will not have a gown made for a wake or a wedding without a pocket in it. In their *viva voce* autobiographies, which they distribute freely among their friends who hand them enthusiastic volumes in return, they report themselves as laying down to their dressmakers the following apothegm: "I don't care what you do or don't do, but a pocket I will have." And there the woman is, singled out of the mass of humanity hiking to oblivion.

Even out in the distant country, so far from ourselves that we should hardly look for anything unusual, there are human attributes to strike us dumb.

In the yellow Autumn the farmer entertains his brother-in-law's family at Sunday dinner. While the repast is going forward and the lady guest is politely but erroneously complimenting the preserves (from which Heaven preserve us) the housewife suddenly takes up a position of lonely grandeur in the perspective of the centuries by saying: "I allus make my p'serves One to Two, and I allus think if I can't make 'em good I won't make 'em at all," and the visitor presently occupies a neighboring peak by observing: "I tell Mother Haskins I simply won't use lard to fry with." And she will add, in consideration of the ungreat: "I s'pose lard is all right and nice enough, only I simply can't go it."

The strong men are silent. As befits their sterner souls, they eat the pear or punkin preserves and say nothing. But after dinner the host takes his guest out under the wide, blue sky where they can size themselves up against Nature and shows him his bevy of pigs munching apples in the orchard. Host and guest seat themselves on a flat rail of the fence, and the guest says in an expert and knowing way, as if the phenomena of nutrition and the assimilation of plant-cells by animal organisms were easy to him: "I see you're letting your shoats pick up the windfalls."

"Yes," says the deep-thinking host; "I allus turn 'em in the orchard awhile in the Fall and pick up what win'falls they is; but 'long about the last of September, or mebbe the first of October, I gen'rally calc'late to begin to fire the corn into 'em."

On a fine Sunday afternoon in the Autumn there are ten million farmer



UTTER FAITH.

FATHER.—I seriously doubt that young man's capacity to support a household!

DAUGHTER.—O Papa! How can you talk so about him? Why, he does n't doubt *yours*!



HOW IT HAPPENED.

BRONCO BILL.—Why is it that a barrel of whiskey improves with age?

TEXAS JACK.—Wal, Bill, I reckon a barrel uv whiskey must travel in purty dern good serciety ter git very aged!

hosts sitting on ten million orchard fences and uttering this original but lonesome statement to ten million brothers-in-law.

"But 'long about the last of September," they say with philosophical accuracy, "or mebbe the first of October, I gen'rally calc'late to begin to fire the corn into 'em."

DISSUADED.

"And the Colonel did not horsewhip you, after all?"

"The Colonel," replied the editor, "came to lick and remained to liquor!"

PROBABLY NOTH-
ING is so expensive in the long run as the common or garden variety of economy as practiced by the amateur.

The groom looks like a fool during the wedding ceremony, but the bride, being a woman, is able to dissemble.

PUCK



FOR THE OCCASION.

THE WAITER.—H'excuse this 'ere washtub, sir; but we hain't got h'only the h'ordinary-sized finger bowls!



idea, also. And he looked that way, too, all right enough.

"The bridge of the nose-glasses had to be squinched up before they'd stay on, and then they pinched his bill and made him scowl, and his baby eyes could n't see good through the strong glasses, and that caused him to glare; and he was somewhat afraid of the camera and considerable suspicious of the photographer, and showed it. His fat little chops hung down, his new shoes squeezed his feet; his hair is pretty white yet, and his head is sorter too big for him, like most children's are at that age; and, all in all, the poor little skoggin looked like a stunted old pessimist that had seen everything and

THE DOLL OF GOOD REPUTE.

I'll sing you a song of a dear little doll,
Of a dolly that Mama gave me;
Whenever she wakes from her sleep
in the night
She's as quiet as quiet can be.

I know that she loves me and minds
very well;
She's a lady right up from the
ground;
For when she awakes and I tell her,
"Be still!"
She won't make a bit of a sound.

HIS COMMENT.

"Pheeny takes the baby down to the village yesterday and gets him photographed," said the Old Codger, ruminatingly. "She rigs up little Claude,—that name is one of her ideas; Pheeny's sorter romantic, and what-not, at times,—rigs him up with spectacles on his nose and a copy of the *Weekly Plaindealer* in his hand, in order to make him look wise, or philosophical, or cunning, or something,—that's her

hated everything, and distrusted everybody, and did n't know what he was there for, and did n't care overly much what happened to him, anyhow—b'cuz, whatever it was, it could n't be any worse than what he had already experienced. Pheeny considered that he looked real cute, but I thought to myself that he looked a heap-sight more like the way I feel a good deal of the time. Contemplatin' him, I thinks to myself:

"Little feller, you'd be in great luck if you could just be old now and not have to go through all the various experiences that lie before you in order to grow that way, and be made by 'em to look just about as them nose-pinchin' spectacles and feet-hectorin' shoes and your own suspicions, and one thing and another, make you look. About all there is to the wisdom that comes from experience is that, by the time you git it, it ain't of any use to you," thinks I.

"About that time little Claude can't stand it any longer and lifts a yell that makes the walls bulge.

"That's right, young feller!" thinks I. "Howl while you can git sympathy, for bime-bye nobody will cuddle you and jangle bells for you, and all such as that; but when things don't suit you and you lift up your voice in protest they'll unanimously vote you an old fogey and wonder who's goin' to git your property, and how soon. You are smart to howl now," thinks I, "when it will fetch you something."

Tom P. Morgan.



AND DISMAY THE ENEMY.

Wealth, in itself, does not bring happiness; but it brings gowus which, in their turn, are extremely fetching.

PISCATORIAL VALUATION.

There are just as good fish in the sea
As ever were caught, we'll agree;
But a fish that is caught, you'll agree—or you ought—
Is worth two or three in the sea.



AMBITION.

"And just think of him wantin' her to elope!"

"Yes; but she would n't. She said she was bound to have a swell weddin' even if she had to wait till she was eighteen!"

The farmer should put his hand to the plow and not take it off to put it on the gold brick.

PUCK



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WATTERSON'S FLIGHT OF FANCY. THE MAN on horseback—Roosevelt. The man who sees the man on horseback—Col. Henry Watterson. We are warned. The

President of the United States is plotting to become a military dictator. He affects the simplicity of the cowboy. He has the queer manners of the broncho buster. He conceals the sentiments and emotions of a Diaz. All this according to Col. H. Watterson. The Colonel is an Orator, a Kentuckian and a Seer. Most of all, he is a Humorist. One Mr. C. Depew may be counted down and out. Watterson is now the champion funny man in the public eye. The pathos of his logic, the glory of his rhetoric, the passion of his plea and the hurtling rush of his fearless flights of golden speech are touching, ornate, powerful, grand; but the wideness, depth and height of his humor mark him peerless in the field. The fancy which portrays Theodore Roosevelt as the merciless, gloomy, implacable military despot is not lacking in weirdness and picturesqueness; but such a fancy is matchless, simply matchless, in its sublime and sanctified humor. Watterson, Fighter of Tyrants; Watterson, Humorist. The first-mentioned rôle is pleasing and proper. The second is a passport to Fame. The Kentucky Seer is winning humoristic laurels so fast that his forehead is obscured. His speech at the Virginia Democratic Association was a soul-stirring episode; his recent reiteration of the *bons mots* perpetrated on that occasion relative to the horror of a bronchobusting regime of militarism is a clincher. "One God, one Constitution and one Flag against Military Despotism and The Man on Horseback!" Here we have not only Eloquence, Truth and Fizz, but a superb, flawless exposition of the times through which we are passing.

A WORD TO THE PRINCE. "CONSTANT READER" and "Justitia" are out of print while "Englishman" and "Irishman" are writing letters to the papers variously hoping that the Prince of Wales will visit this country, and that he won't. Some Englishmen say he would be insulted by the Irish element, and some Irishmen insinuate that they are so different from some Englishmen that they could gaze upon a foreigner—even an Englishman—without wishing to do a thing to him. If the Prince will come across PUCK will guarantee to show him some of the most curious curiosities he ever saw. We can produce expatriated Englishmen who have howled against America for twenty years and are enjoying the excruciating ignominy of making a good living here yet. We have Irishmen in our midst whom we could n't assimilate with a three million power concentrated essence of political pepsin to aid our digestion; many of their relatives, however, are doing well in the more remunerative branches of statesmanship. Yet we believe the Prince would be spared the sight of the Irish flag on all public buildings outside of New York, and

we predict that the Irish officeholders of Speonk, L. I., would be proud to accord to him a truly festal welcome. Our only real fear in case of a visit from His Highness would be an outbreak on the part of the Anglomaniacs of Hoboken, or an unseemly manifestation of frenzy by unnaturalized Englishmen who have married in Brooklyn and could n't possibly go back to England with the return party.

THE MILES-MILES CONTROVERSY.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES has served his country well in the capacity of Indian fighter. He has served himself extremely ill in his efforts to fight fate and gain political honors. Intrigue of the peculiar sort necessary for the acquirement of a presidential nomination is an art which the soldier can not master. With the stubbornness characteristic of the fighting man Miles has persistently failed to see that he could never win. His methods of manipulation have been nearly as diplomatic as Carrie Nation's deft and delicate mannerisms. Since the administration of Cleveland Miles has been smashing glass. The desire to obtain the highest political preferment has burned within him. He has not been satisfied with the high honors of his proper sphere; he has meddled; he has attacked. In trying to force a sentiment in his own behalf he has maddened the powers that be, saddened his friends and disgusted a not inconsiderable portion of the public. To-day he is stamped as a mischief-maker. He never had a glimmer of a chance to become President of the United States. Instead of recognizing the fact he has fought the fact. Good tactics for a soldier, but impossible and disastrous for a politician.

CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

FARMER HONK.—I see by the papers, that the Hon. Josh Chinforever declares that the report that he has returned to the Republican party is absolutely without foundation, and that he is still a consistent Populist.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Bully for the Republican party!

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

One little pig went to market,
And, really, they sold him so low,
From a far foreign shore
Came an order, "Ship more."
And four little pigs had to go.

WE ARE told that revolutions do not go backward, and we can see for ourselves that some of them have a hard time going forward.



HER PICTURE.

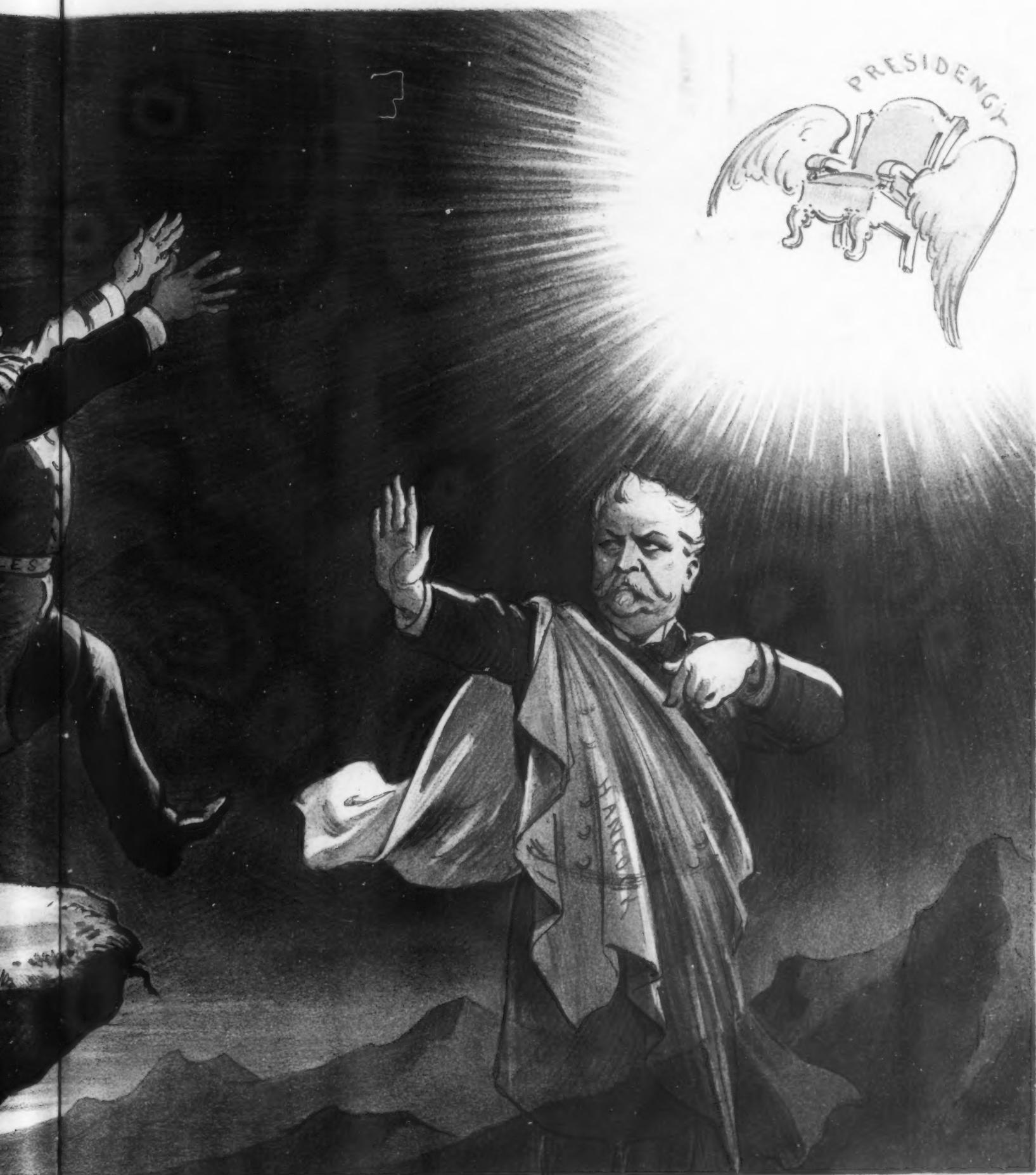
SHE.—I took this picture with my "kodak" while abroad.

HE.—What is it?

SHE.—Well, that building that stands up perfectly straight is the leaning tower of Pisa—those leaning buildings are the perpendicular edifices adjacent!



A GHOSTLY WARNING TO CERTAIN



J. OTTMANN LITH CO PUCK BLDG N.Y.

CERTAIN PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANTS.

PUCK

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM THE "PODUNK BANNER."

(APRIL 15.)

OUR TALENTED manager, Jack O'Brien, has succeeded in signing the most brilliant aggregation of ball tossers ever bunched on an American diamond. It is no far cry to say that the pennant is already ours. Two of the men have already showed up for practice and the others are shortly expected.

(APRIL 16.)

The entire Nine is now here and doing daily stunts with the ball. "Big Mike" Connolly, our left-fielder, was offered a heavy bonus to sign with the "Phillies" but preferred Podunk, because he is an old school-chum of Jack's. Short-stop Sullivan, who "jumped" the Baltimores, says he'd sooner be a hole in the Podunk fence than owner of the National League.

(APRIL 17.)

To-morrow is the first game! Give the boys a royal send-off! Stay at home if you are troubled with heart-disease! Riley's "homers" are killers!

(APRIL 18.)

That was the first game, remember! The boys will soon round into shape! The umpire was responsible for all of Riley's "strike outs," but three.

(APRIL 19.)

Have a little patience, gentlemen! The material is there! Errors must be expected the first few games!

(APRIL 20.)

Just wait till the boys strike their gait! The Moose Meadows

are seven points lower than we are! That's one consolation and a big one!

(APRIL 21.)

What the boys need is a little encouragement! With proper rooting they would have won yesterday's game from the Moose Meadows! Short-stop Sullivan has asked for his release! He has been "boozing" of late and acts like a crazy man.

(APRIL 22.)

Why does O'Brien continue to play Connolly in left garden? He has had a hold-over jag ever since the season opened! Flynn, Cassidy, O'Rourke, Spitzengabler, Duval and Schwartz are not much better!

(APRIL 23.)

Can not our dunder-headed manager realize that this community can not be imposed on by a lot of cheap, spavined "never wases" that could n't pass mustard in a Bowery Beanery? 27 to 0 in favor of the Moose Meadows, and only 1 run earned! This is awful!

(APRIL 24.)

Thank Heaven! The end came last night! The team has disbanded, owing the American Hotel \$27.85 for board! Manager O'Brien can not be found; neither can the mayor's \$50.00 driving-coat which he borrowed last week. Base-ball will pay here with a winning team, but this town is too cosmopolitan to patronize a lot of cast-off players and a sub-conscious manager! It is only fair to ourselves to say that we predicted this result from the first.

THE POLE.

Oh! The Arctic explorer 't will move
A joy-laden pæan to sing,
When his sextant says: Latitude 90;
Longitude, any old thing.

IT IS surprising how great a sorrow may be drowned in the ordinary two-quart stomach.



RATHER MONOTONOUS.

MAMA (*at the zoo*).—What do you think of the baby leopards, Elsie?

Are n't they handsome?

LITTLE ELSIE.—But do they always come in the same pattern, Mama?



AND LANDED ON PERCY.

JACK.—Percy Perker called down a cabby, last night; but he's sorry for it to-day.

BILL.—Why?

JACK.—The cabby came down.

PUCK

MANY MAIDS FOR MANY MEN.



This girl that's dressed
On yachting plan
Doth sail the seas
In quest of man.

See Dora Dear;
In riding skirt;
Save while she breathes
She 'll never flirt.

The Tourist maid
Is up to date;
Her Papa pays
The priceless freight.

The Auto girl
Is coy and gay;
She runs down all
Who're in the way.

Cold Elsa aims
To touch men's hearts;
'T is chief of all
Her practis'd arts.

THE KING.

The King of former days was ordinarily a dull, stupid fellow, being stuffed with rich food most of the time.

Naturally, he set great store by the clever fool who could tell him stories which diverted him without taxing his faculties in the least. He loaded his fool with gifts until the brightest men were glad to be fools.

All this was long ago.

Yet we moderns have a King, gorged and heavy. We call him the reading public. And among men of parts and ready wit, there is unceasing striving to be the King's fool, if only for a few minutes, for there's money in it.

THE PICTURE of a boy making a fuss because he can't have all the health food he wants is about as true to life as would be a picture of a boy kicking at having his long curls cut off.



Staid Lulu looks
Demure and wise;
And looks are books
In soulful eyes.

THE FOREST LOVERS.

The man and the maid were walking beneath the stars. The great, splendid moon shone with the mellow radiance of celestial beauty. The lesser lights gleamed in distant glory. The soft, twittering songs of the night birds and the soughing of the majestic pines made a symphony of sound which filled the woodland with a mystery of happiness too sweet to die. His arm was about her. Closely, and yet more closely he drew her to him. Her face, pure and clear, first white with wonderment, then flushed with ecstasy, was upturned to his. The tremulous, trancing light that encompassed them rested upon the marble of her forehead and shimmered among the tresses of her raven hair. He kissed her.

Certainly!

What were they there for?

NOTHING is more injudicious than to give your honest opinion when it is specifically asked for.



HIS VIEW.

FARMER.—I had a chance once to sell out an' move to Pumpkin Centre, but I would n't do it.

CITY MAN.—Would n't you? I don't know anything about Pumpkin Centre, but I should think you'd have done it.

We understand a man never gets so bald that he does n't care to be asked if he won't have a nice shampoo to-day.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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by connoisseurs
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so frequent in some
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LEGHORN, ITALY

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY. That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

"That young fellow is goin' to be heard from, you mark my word," said Farmer Comtosel.

"What makes you think so?"

"He jes' naturally won't work. He'll go to the lockup, or invent somethin' an' git rich, one o' the two."—*Washington Star*.



AN ODD CASE.

"Why, the first publisher the book was offered to accepted it and predicted that it would be a phenomenal success!"

"That's very strange. I never heard of a book being a success until at least a dozen publishers had declined it!"

Before Retiring—After a Late Supper,
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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee, Jest and youthful Jollity"—Milton: and a bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

TOO MUCH JOHNSON.

"I dunno how to take Johnson," said the Georgia voter. "He made a speech at Kips Cross Roads, Tuesday, an' praised the Baptists to the skies."

"Well, that's where they're headed fer, ain't it?"

"Yes; but the next day, at Tomville, he swallowed the Presbyterian creed whole, an' two days later he broke a rib in his voice hollerin' with the Methodists! Now, what do you think o' that?"

"Well," replied the listener, "I dunno what to think, unless he's one o' them fur-reachin' miracles of grace that takes in the whole business, like the whale swallered Jonah!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

AN UNHAPPY MAN OF MANY TITLES.

"It appears that Lord Methuen was back with the baggage wagons when the attack began."

"I suppose he had gone back to see if his titles were all safe."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

CHURCH WHITE has not gone to school for over thirty years, but says he still feels a vague dread in his breast when he hears the school bell ring.—*Atchison Globe*.

"Do you think that was a fortunate marriage?" asked the minister's wife, after their return from a fashionable wedding at which her husband had officiated.

"Oh, yes, very!" replied the reverend gentleman, shaking the coins in his pocket. "I needed the money."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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Vol. II No. 4

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A SONG OF DISTRUST.

I do not trust you, Spring;—
I think a blizzard's under your left wing.

There's mischief in your smile;—
I'll not take in the picnic yet awhile.

I hear your thunder roll;
But, keen and wise, I keep supplied
with coal.

Your flowers in bright array
No longer make me think December
May.

And Laura, at Love's gate,
'Mid violets blue, must stand disconsolate;

Before her lover, wisely keepin' in,
Shall tempt the moonlight with a mandolin!—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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CLOTHING MERCHANT.—So? If I would go to Europe I would bring in a couple of hundred pairs of old bants undt goats.

A FELLOW FEELING.

"How do you like this country?" asked the member of the reception committee.

"Very much, indeed," answered the distinguished European visitor.

"I am afraid you have not had a chance to see much of it."

"Oh, yes. By looking out of the car window I could detect a close bond of sympathy between our two nations. I could observe at a glance that you have trees, grass and houses just as we have at home."—*Washington Star*.

A LITTLE dignified-looking man was almost knocked down by a horse in North Pennsylvania Street the other evening, and while brushing off his clothing let forth a stream of abuse.

"You ought to have the driver arrested," said a passer-by.

"That's not what makes me mad," said the man, straightening up. "It's the idea of being run over by a horse when there are so many automobiles in town!"—*Indianapolis News*.

THE women who persist in wearing celluloid combs in their hair continue to occupy the usual amount of space in the daily list of casualties.—*Washington Post*.

A DANGEROUS sort of man is the kind who stands a great deal, and then explodes for all of his insults at once.—*Atchison Globe*.

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—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

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COULD N'T BE WORSE.

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"Well, I believe if that man were to wake up some morning to find himself famous that he'd turn over and go to sleep again."—Detroit Free Press.

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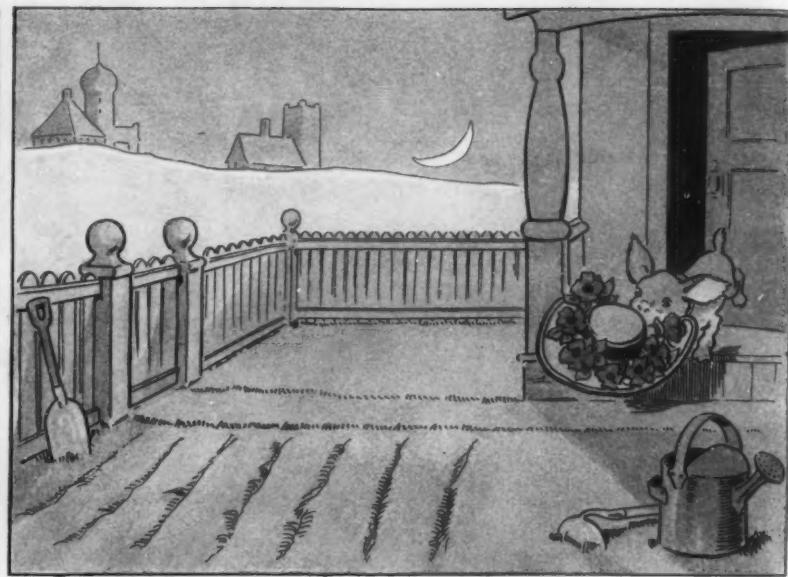
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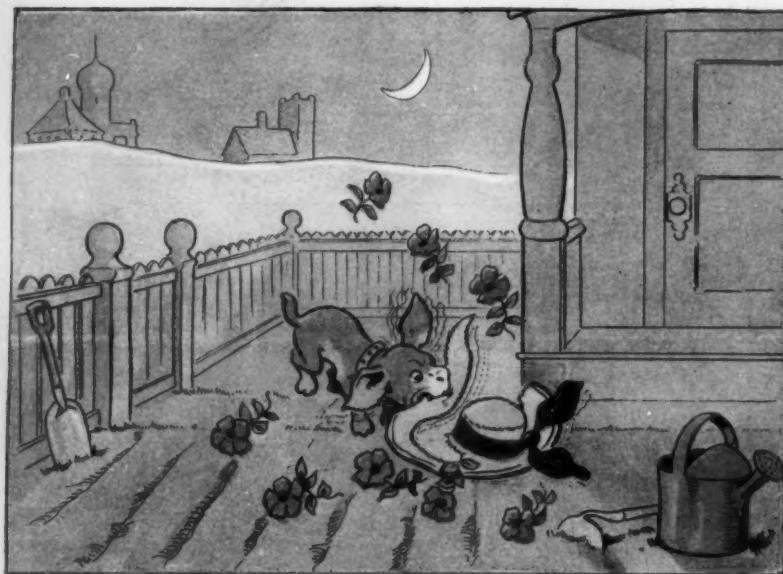
PUCK



MRS. SUBBUBS.—John, come in and get your supper, and see my new hat.
MR. SUBBUBS.—All right, Maria! Just as soon as I plant this last row!



II.
8 o'clock.



III.
8.05.



MR. SUBBUBS (*next morning*).—Great Scott! Flowers already! I must tell the whole of Lonesomehurst!



V.
"Vessiree! And I only planted the seeds last night!"



VI.
—!!!—!!!—

A SUBURBAN MIRACLE.

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